

The Musical World.

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VOL. 41—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC
CONCERTS—12th Season—Director, Dr. WYLDE. The subscribers are respectfully informed the CONCERTS will COMMENCE early next season. The subscription is for five grand orchestral and vocal concerts on Wednesday evenings, and five full public rehearsals on Saturday afternoons, on the same grand scale as last season. Terms—£2 2s. for a transferable season ticket for a reserved sofa stall or front row balcony; £1 11s. 6d. for second row. Application can be made to W. Graeff Nicholls, Esq., Hon. Sec. 33 Argyll Street, W.; Cramer and Co. 201 Regent Street, and Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall.

WELSH MUSICAL FESTIVAL, on the eve of St. David's-day.—GRAND CONCERT OF WELSH NATIONAL MELODIES, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday Evening, Feb. 23, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalla). Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne (Eos Cymru, Pencerddes), who will sing a new patriotic song, with chorus, composed by Mr. John Thomas, Miss Eyles, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. L. W. Lewis (Llew Llwyco, Pencerdd); the band of harps, including Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. K. Wright, Mr. H. J. Trust, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalla), &c.; and the united choirs, including the students of the Royal Academy of Music. Will be on the same extensive scale as hitherto. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Applications for Sofa Stalls to be made to Mr. John Thomas, 103, Great Portland Street, W. Tickets to be had of Addison and Lucas, 210, Regent Street; and of all the principal musicellers.

GREAT SUCCESS—NINTH WEEK OF

SONGS OF SCOTLAND—EGYPTIAN HALL—Every
Evening at 8 (Saturday excepted), and on Saturday afternoon at 3.—Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, assisted by Mr. LAND at the Pianoforte, will give for the first time in London, his Popular Entertainment entitled "Jacobite Minstrelsy," of the periods 1715, and—45, and read a humorous illustrative scene from "Waverley." Admission, 1s., 2s., Stalls 3s. Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

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MONS. JULLIEN has much pleasure in announcing that he has succeeded in engaging Mr. LEVY, the celebrated Cornet à Pistons, who will perform one of his favorite Solos every evening.
The Programme for the week, commencing Monday, 16th instant, will include—
Overture, "Zampa" Herold.
Quadrille, "Trovatore" Verdi.
The Allegretto Scherzando from the Symphony in F Beethoven.
Valse, "Fern Leaves" Jullien.
(By desire), Cornet Obligato, by Mr. Levy.
Grand Operatic Selection, "Don Giovanni" Mozart.
"Martha," "Masaniello," "Etoile du Nord."

Admission 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.

Manager—MONS. GRENET.

MR. H. PHILLIPS'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—

Sims Reeves and a host of talent. St. James's Great Hall, Wednesday evening, 25th February. Chorus of 80 voices. Conductors, MM. Benedict, Balfe, and Hattin. Duets, "All's Well"—Sims Reeves and Henry Phillips; in addition to which he will sing, "The Light of other days," "Haste thee, nymph," &c., &c. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved stalls, 5s. Tickets at Austin's ticket office, 28 Piccadilly; also plan of the stalls. See programmes.

AN EVENING CONCERT OF Vocal and Instrumental

music will take place on Tuesday the 17th of February at Rokeley House, Stratford. Artists, Madame Gordon, Madame Helen Percy, Madame Herne, Miss Elam, Mr. Viotti Cooper, Mr. Delavanti, Herr Joseph Herne, and Mrs. Delavanti, musical director Mr. Delavanti. To commence at half-past seven o'clock. Tickets, reserved seats 2s. 6d. unreserved ditto 1s. 6d.

MISS ALICE MANGOLD will play "THE BABY'S SONG," composed for the pianoforte by Howard Glover, at her concert, February 14.

MISS GUSELDA ARCHER will sing "The Song of May," composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE, at the Concert at Forest Hill, for the Benefit of the Schools, on Wednesday, February 11.

MADLLE PAREPA will return to Town February 27th from her second provincial Tour. 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W. C.

MADLLE. GEORGI will Sing "In questo semplice" (Belley) at Howard Glover's Grand Concert at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday evening next February 18.

MISS DECOURCY (pupil of Madame Ferrari) will Sing Balfe's popular ballad "Killarney" at Mr. Howard Glover's grand concert at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday evening next, February 18.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF begs that communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. may be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street. W.

MRS. MEREST'S SOIREES. 7 ADELPHI TERRACE,
STRAND. In answer to numerous inquiries, Mrs. Merest begs to state that these Soirees will take place during April and May.

MADAME TONNELIER (Prima Donna) begs to announce that she will return to London, for the season, on the 18th of February. For terms, apply by letter to Mr. Cooper, No. 3, Cobden Place, Brighton.

MR. VIOTTI COOPER will sing his New and Popular Ballad "ANNIE, DEAR," on the 17th inst., at Stratford.

MR. H. C. COOPER (Solo Violinist) begs to announce that he will return to Town for the Season on the 18th of February. Address by letter to No. 3, Cobden Place, Brighton.

MR. HENRY HAIGH begs to announce that he is free to accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street. W.

MR. APTOMMAS returns from the Continent in February, when he will be open to engagements for Concerts, Private Soirees, and instruction upon the Harp. The regular season for his Harp Recitals commences on the 8th of April.
Address, CRAMER, BEALE, and WOOD, Regent Street.

MR. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce that his Grand Fantasia from LE DOMINO NOIR, as performed by him at the Gloucester Musical Festival on his Prize Medal Perfected Flute (old system of fingering) is just published, price 8s., and may be obtained at 35 WELLBECK STREET, or of BOOSEY and SOSS, 28 Holles Street, W.

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MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary.

"ONCE TOO OFTEN" QUADRILLES, "ONCE TOO OFTEN" WALTZES, on Airs from Howard Glover's popular operetta of "Once too often," are published, price 4s. each (Handsomely illustrated) by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co. 244 Regent-street, W.
N.B.—The above Quadrilles and Waltzes are played every night with distinguished success at M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts.

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5.	"Let us break their bonds" (<i>Messiah</i>).				
6.	"And the glory of the Lord" (<i>Messiah</i>).				
7.	"Let their celestial concerts" (<i>Samson</i>).				
8.	"But as for his people" (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>).				
9.	"The King shall rejoice" (<i>Coronation Anthem</i>).				
10.	"From the censor" (<i>Samson</i>).				
11.	"For unto us a child is born" (<i>Messiah</i>).				

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---	---

Love is a timid thing,
I know to my despair;
Though I to one hope cling,
To name it I don't dare.

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"The Parting,"

By EMANUEL AGUILAR,

MELODY FOR THE PIANOFORTE, is just published, Price 1s. 6d.

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Poetry by EDMUND FALCONER, Esq. Sung by Miss Anna Whitty upwards of 300 nights at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, in the "Lakes of Killarney," and now being sung by the same distinguished vocalist every night at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, is published, Price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

"The execution by Miss Anna Whitty of that charming little song that for six months formed a graceful adjunct to the Killarney Panorama at the Lyceum, it is needless to speak, as her talents are well known in Liverpool; but the song itself has been unheard out of London until the present month, when the same vocalist is engaged in its performance at Manchester. The public, who so long appreciated it when heard on the theatrical boards, will soon have an opportunity of personally testing its merits, and cannot fail but be struck not only with the charm of its simple and thoroughly Irish melody—substantiating its claim to its title of "Killarney"—but also with the still rarer charm of its being associated with words so full of poetical grace and sentiment that surprise is no longer felt at the inspiration given to the composer of the music, particularly when it is known that they are from the elegant pen of Mr. Falconer, the accomplished author of the renowned "Peep o' Day," and who, in that wonderfully popular drama, displays some exquisite touches of refined poetry, that not a little contribute to enhance the merits of its interesting plot. It should be added that this little *bijou* of a composition is to be found at the well-known publishers, Duncan Davison and Co., Regent-street.—*Liverpool Journal*."

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Mlle. ADELINA PATTI'S NEW WALTZ,

"DI GIOIA INSOLITA." Sung with distinguished success by Mlle. ADELINA PATTI, in the operas of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Don Pasquale," &c. &c. The Words by LORENZO MONTESANI, the Music by MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

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Mlle. ADELINA PATTI'S NEW BALLAD,

"THE OLD HOUSE BY THE LINDENS." The Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Sung with the greatest success by Mlle. ADELINA PATTI, for whom it was expressly composed by HOWARD GLOVER.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

Rebiew.

The Armourer of Nantes; Grand Romantic Opera in three acts. Words by J. V. BRIDGEMAN; Music by M. W. BALFE. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)

Whether, from temporary disinclination, or from a sense of dramatic fitness (for which highly respectable precedents might be cited), Mr. Balfé, in the present instance, has abandoned his favorite orchestra, and lifted the curtain without the preliminary of an overture. The introduction is short and to the purpose. The people celebrate the birthday of Anne of Brittany in chorus—"Our gentle sovereign,"—their loyal strains being contrasted with half-suppressed murmurs from the discontented nobles ("A solemn mocker"). A dance ensues (with chorus)—"Blithe and tripping"—first in the minor, and then, when the nobles, adding their own reflections, take up the strain, in the major—something after the manner of the bridal dance in the first act of *Guillaume Tell*, and in the same key. A short allusion to the theme of the opening chorus now leads to a march and chorus—"Hark, yonder swelling strains"—announcing the approach of Anne of Brittany. This, like what precedes it, and even in a more striking degree, is marked by a vigor quite in keeping, and, moreover, is purely in the vein of the composer—that vein which, in compliment to its strong individuality, has been characteristically styled "Balféan." So, too, is the cavatina that comes next—"It is not pomp"—in which the Duchess, in a moralising mood, descants upon the virtue of mental calm as the true panacea for all terrestrial evils. Here, as in the foregoing, we find certain turns of melody so peculiar to the author and so quaint in themselves, as to admit of no doubt respecting the source from which they come. It is not every one who can show originality even in such small matters, and it must therefore be conceded to Mr. Balfé as an unquestionable merit. During this *cavatina*, which is in two verses, the chorus continues to play its part, the people offering up vows for their sovereign, the nobles predicting her speedy downfall. The dance and chorus—"Blithe and tripping"—is then resumed, to the same strain, and, with some important modifications, brings this lively and well-planned introduction to an end. The Duchess and her retinue now quit the stage, and, the people dispersing, the rebellious nobles are left to themselves and express their sentiments without restraint in an animated chorus—

"Gaily and swiftly plunging its way
Over the billows crested with spray,"

in which their present security and the prophesied ruin of Anne are symbolised by a very pretty image of a ship setting forth in fair weather and encountering tempests on its way. Rising with his subject, Mr. Balfé has set this chorus with great felicity, the uninterrupted employment of unison (always so effective where men's voices are unaccompanied by those of women) giving both force and piquancy, and the sudden appearance of the storm being expressed with vividness. This chorus, nevertheless, is merely the commencement of a long concerted piece. The Baron de Villefranche, who has overheard what the conspirators have been saying, declares himself a partisan, and (see our *resumé* of the plot) joins in their machinations against the sovereign and her favorite, de Beauvoir. His known facility in the handling of declamatory recitative has here stood Mr. Balfé in good stead. He has treated the whole scene in a thoroughly dramatic style, and the air, with chorus, for Villefranche and the nobles—"The day on which this man she weds"—which forms its climax, is scarcely less effective than the chorus for the nobles alone, with which it begins (already described.)

But it is not till the arrival of the heroine, the innocent and sentimental Marie, that we find the composer of so many popular songs in his most tunelessly happy mood. Her *cavatina*—"Oh would that my heart"—is as freshly melodious as anything we remember of its kind, and in that acknowledgment we of course pay tribute to its originality. If not actually the "gem," this charming little air is certainly one of the "gems" of the opera. Its peculiar rhythm, its delicate instrumentation, and its marked unobtrusiveness must at once strike every one, and even after a single hearing it is likely to impress itself on the memory. In short, it shows us Mr. Balfé in one of his moments of truest inspiration. As much can hardly be said for the ballad—"In the desert waste of life"—through which Raoul (the Armourer of Nantes) gives vent to his feelings in a gush of drawing-room sentiment, at his first interview with Marie. This, too, will find its admirers, inasmuch as it possesses tune; but it is by no means genuine wine, like the other. The

duet for Marie and Raoul—"Where all the earth's dark treasure"—in which, while the armourer gives way to raptures, Marie (her thoughts directed to de Beauvoir who had secretly wooed her as the Chevalier de Coutras) is reserved and penitent—though a little spun out, has excellent parts. There is feeling, for example, in more than one phrase of the opening, while the subject of the quick movement (in waltz-measure) is one of those catching tunes that make their impression at a hearing, and are retained without difficulty. Moreover the whole is planned and worked out with a skill that only experience can impart. Higher, nevertheless—because more distinguished by what (for want of a more significant epithet) may be termed character, and because of the ingenious manner in which the musical interest is sustained by the orchestral accompaniments—we are inclined to rank the duet in which the Jew imparts his secret to de Beauvoir ("Fabio Fabiani") and attempts to make conditions with the dissolute court favorite. There are touches in this which involuntarily bring to mind Weber and his *Der Freischütz*, while, at the same time the English composer can no more be charged with plagiarism here than in the animated quick movement:—

"Ah! by the rood,
The joke is good"

—as good an imitation of the *opéra comique* style, as the rest is of the Germanised "romantic." The duet is fully as long as its predecessor, but is conducted with such unflagging spirit as not to offer a tedious point. Equally good, in an opposite style, is the so-called "barcarole" (why so-called, we are unable to divine), of de Beauvoir; but Mr. Balfé's reason for setting it in so very plaintive a strain escapes us. The words in some measure forbid a gay melody such as "La donna e mobile," but the feelings that incited Beauvoir to their utterance are little less heathen than those which influence the Duke of Mantua in his wholesale denunciation of "the sex." Moreover, at the end of the first act "A flower is beauty" has to play much the same part as "La donna e mobile," in the last scene of Verdi's opera. In the next scene, where de Beauvoir murders the Jew, without, however, obtaining the papers of which he is in search, the characteristic individuality of each of these worthies is as well carried out by the music as in their first interview—except in the grand movement, which is accompanied by a waltz in the orchestra—pretty no doubt, but singularly out of keeping, in no matter what key presented—and it touches, *en passant*, on a good round number. The contrast between this and the melodramatic music accompanying the treacherous act done on the poor Jew by de Beauvoir, may have been calculated before-hand; but it is harsh for all that. The first act comprises yet another long (in its place, too long) duet for Raoul and de Beauvoir, who by threats induces the Armourer to aid him in disposing of the body of the murdered Israelite. The duet is good of its kind, but the quick movement—"Not all thy blood shall e'er efface"—is built upon a somewhat ordinary theme, and it is not until the compact is made between Raoul and the chief conspiritor, Villefranche, in which the Armourer pledges his life to obtain revenge, and the voice of de Beauvoir is heard in the background humming the melody of the barcarole ("A flower is beauty,") that the musical interest of the situation is absolutely restored. This makes a capital *finale*, however, and ends the first act (the only drawback to which is its extreme length) with effect.

(To be continued.)

FROM VIENNA.*

I cannot forward you anything more interesting connected with musical matters here than the following document to serve as material towards the History of Music in the year 1863:

"EXPLANATORY PROGRAMME OF THE MUSIC PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY RICHARD WAGNER in the Theater an der Wien, Dec. 26th, 1862.

I.

"DIE MEISTERSÄNGER."
"1. INTRODUCTION.—2. a. MEETING OF THE GUILD OF MASTER SINGERS (orchestra only). b. POGNER'S ADDRESS TO THE MEETING.

* The above article is translated from the *Meisterheische Musik-Zeitung*. Should the style in the English version of the "Explanatory Programme" seem at times strange, and not over-elegant or pre-eminently clear, let not a generous reader blame the translator. That unfortunate being—whose sad fate will excite pity in the hearts of all German scholars conversant with their Richard Wagner's literary idiosyncracies—is not to blame. He has, to the best of his power, given a faithful version of the "Programme," and the literary peculiarities which mark the production must be attributed not to him—who writes only at the stern bidding of a despotic editor—but to Herr Richard Wagner himself.—*The aforesaid unfortunate* J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

II.

"THE VALKYRAE. (First principal piece of the grand Stage Festival Play, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*.)

"1. THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRAE (orchestra alone). The stage represents the peak of a rocky mountain. Dark clouds seen, as though driven by the wind past the edge of the precipice; lightning flashes through them at intervals; a Valkyrie on horseback then becomes visible; over her saddle hangs a warrior who has been slain. More and more of the Valkyries appear in the same manner; with wildly jubilant cries they greet each other from far and near. At last, they have all reached the peak of the mountain, called in the Saga, 'Brunhilda's Stone.' They put the air-steeds to pasture, and mutually boast of their booty (this booty consists of the corpses of heroes who have been slain in battle, and who have chosen them, upon the battle-field, to be accompanied by them to Walhalla, where they are awake to eternal joy by Wotan, the Father of Battles, and magnificently entertained by the Walkyres as 'Wish-Maidens,' 'Wunschmädchen').

"2. SIEGMUND'S LOVE SONG. Siegmund, pursued by over-powerful enemies, reaches, tired to death, and without a weapon, Hunting's house, and is attended to and refreshed by Hunting's young wife, Sieglinde. Presageful relations soon spring up between the two. Siegmund was, in his earliest infancy, separated from his twin sister; in his wild, lonely youth, he never found any one related to him by deep, secret, and profound sympathy.* Sieglinde, torn at a tender age from her home, has, when scarcely ripened into maturity, been given as a wife to a gloomy malevolent man. The meeting with Siegmund wakes her far-slumbering (fernschlummernde) recollections; Siegmund beholds in her what has long been desired by, and is intimately related to, himself. To confirm her presentiment, Sieglinde ventures, during the night, to arouse her guest; carried away by her approach, the yearning one claps her to his breast. The door of the apartment flies wide open in a crack: Sieglinde tears herself away in affright.—And here the song commences.

3. WOTAN'S FAREWELL AND FIRE-CHARM. The Walkyres, Brunhilde, Wotan's best loved Wish-Maiden, has been at first charged by him, the god of battles, to grant Siegmund the victory over Hunting. As he subsequently has ordered his favourite hero to be immolated to higher considerations, and, in consequence, has withdrawn the command given to the Walkyres, the latter, moved by lofty sympathy, has ventured to protect (as she fancies, in obedience to Wotan's own sentiments) the man who was in the first instance intrusted to her protection. Furious at this, Wotan pursues the disobedient Valkyrie, for the purpose of punishing her. On the Valkyrie-rock already mentioned she seeks a refuge from the God of Battles hastening after her; caught up by him here, and separated from the sisterly throng of the other Valkyres, she resigns herself to him to receive her punishment. Banished to remain in solitude upon the rock, she is doomed to sink into sleep, and to become the wife of the man who shall pass by, find, and wake her. Horrified at the disgrace which threatens her, she endeavours to obtain from the god at least a guarantee, that chance shall never expose her to belong to a cowardly braggart. He refuses all sympathy in her future fate. She now flings herself, in despair, upon her knees; clasping him, she beseeches him, with heart-breaking lamentation, not to dishonour himself, by delivering her up to the most abject disgrace, after she had enjoyed in so high a degree his esteem and confidence; she entreats him at least to surround her, while sleeping and helpless, with horrors which shall scare away those who would otherwise approach; 'Let there burn forth at his command, a fire,' she says; 'Let glowing flame burn round the rock; let its tongue lick, let its tooth eat up the timorous wretch who boldly dares to approach the fearful rock.'† Deeply touched by these entreaties, so full of despair, Wotan's heart flames forth in full love for this most dear child;‡ he draws her to him and gazes, with lofty emotion, into her eyes.—Here commences the performance of this fragment.

III.

"DAS RHEINGOLD."—Prologue (Vorspiel) of the *Ring der Nibelungen*. 1. THE ROBBERY OF THE RHINE GOLD. On the jagged and rocky bottom of the Rhine, joyously darting, like fishes, hither and thither, played the three Rhine-Daughters, who were accustomed to assemble here to watch the costly treasure. The Nibelung Alberich, a dwarfish, demoniacal being, whose home was in the deep layers of the earth, forced his way out of his caverns, gazed upon the sport of the maidens, and soon burst forth into burning and amorous yearning. Turning from one maiden to the other, at first encouraged and then scornfully left by each, teased, ridiculed, and avoided by all, he stops, foaming with rage, and breathless, after having in vain climbed here and there after the madcap girls, and shakes his fist menacingly at them. In this

* This I take to be the sense (!) of the original. The *ipsissima verba* of the great Musician of the Future are: "In seiner wild-einsamen Jugend, fand er nie, was ihm tief innig, heimlich verwandt gewesen wäre."

† "Die einst ihm so innig vertraut gewesen," are the original words.—THE TRANSLATOR.

‡ How can the "timorous" individual in question, "boldly" approach? This is one of the many mysteries connected with Herr Richard Wagner, which we cannot understand.—THE TRANSLATOR.

§ "Zu dem theuersten Kinde." A rather precocious child, we should say, to ride "air-steeds," with the corpses of slain warriors flung gracefully over her saddle.—THE TRANSLATOR.

position he remains, with his gaze directed upwards, and is attracted and captivated by the following sight:—

"Through the flood, a something growing lighter and lighter has penetrated from above. It gradually settles upon a high place on the middle bank of rocks, and becomes a dazzling, brightly-beaming gold-splendour; a magically golden light breaks from it and pierces the water.—Here begins the song.

"2. Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla. The ring which Alberich has forged himself out of the Rhine gold, has, together with the treasure the Nibelung has gained by the aid of this powerful hoop, been given by Wotan, after he tore them both from Alberich, to the giant brothers, Fasolt and Fafner, as their payment for building the castle of the Gods (Götterburg), which is now completed. A quarrel immediately sprang up between the brothers for the possession of the ring. Struck down by Fafner, Fasolt sank dead upon the ground. The Gods are astounded; Wotan acknowledges the power of the curse which Alberich has attached to the ring of which he was forcibly deprived. Donner,* displeased, points to the background enveloped in fog, and, in virtue of his divine office, prepares to dissolve the curse:—Here commences the song."

Wagner is attempting to pursue the same course he adopted two years ago in Paris, namely, by means of grand concerts, got up at a large expense, to pave the way for one of his operas. On this occasion, the opera is *Tristan und Isolde*. As, however, the Viennese public have long been acquainted with his *Tannhäuser* and his *Lohengrin*, the majority having received these works with favor, and some with enthusiasm, his concerts must be regarded simply as a manoeuvre, to form a party who shall secure the success of *Tristan und Isolde*, which success, according to all the reports circulated on the subject, is extremely dubious. Whether the report, that Ander is at present in ecstasies with his part, be true or not, I do not know; but it is certain that the management wish to give Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, of Dresden, a temporary engagement, so that Ander may devote himself exclusively to his task. When we hear of all these marks of consideration and favor, which are said to have their source in high quarters, we should be rejoiced that so much is done for a German operatic composer, if the same were done for German Opera generally. But such, unfortunately, is not the case; for instance, though we were led to hope that we should see the production of Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*, which musicians here, who know it from the score, describe as being a work of extraordinary merit, we now hear nothing more about it. The mode of advancing art is a very peculiar thing. Wagner might write a book on the subject, so well does he understand it. He has managed to surround himself with a nimbus, which so blinds people, that they do not notice, or, if they do, they pardon, in him, the most glaring contradictions to his own æsthetic principles; for what can be more opposed to his system of the Poetry-Music and Drama of the Future, than the plan of giving detached pieces from operas, whereby all the connection of the poem is destroyed, while the music can be regarded only as music, in direct contradiction to his own doctrine?†

THEATRES IN PARIS.

PARIS, Feb. 10.

The directors of the Théâtre Français have taken from the shelf of the green-room, where for many years it has slumbered, Voltaire's tragedy, *Mérope*, and placed it on the stage with all the strength of its present company, and the public has received with much applause the attempt to restore a drama once highly popular. Voltaire, on his return from England, expressed himself in strong terms against the incongruities and irregularities of the dramas of Shakspeare, but acknowledged that he had been struck with the many beauties of several plays not founded on love—considered indispensable in a French tragedy. Not a single play of Corneille or Racine exists in which Cupid does not assert his power, and is either triumphant, or, when defeated, avenged. Maternal tenderness was the theme selected by Voltaire. He applied as motto to the first edition of his drama:—"Hoc legitæ austeri, crimen amoris abest." His attempt was eminently successful. Carried away by the interest of the incidents, the beauty of the dialogue, and the touching expression of maternal love, admirably

* "Donner" means literally "Thunder."—THE TRANSLATOR.

† According to the Viennese correspondence of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, persons well acquainted with operatic matters greatly doubt whether *Tristan und Isolde* will ever be produced at all, simply because its production is a downright impossibility. The second act, for instance, is nothing more nor less than a gigantic duet, lasting quite an hour! One thing, at any rate, is certain, and that is, that the rehearsals have been discontinued, and measures taken to revive Weber's long-promised *Euryanthe*.—THE TRANSLATOR.

(To be continued.)

portrayed by Madame Dumesnil, the audience was aroused to enthusiasm. The cries for the author were incessant, until Voltaire, seated by the young and beautiful Duchesse de Villars, rose and acknowledged a compliment never before paid to an author; the *parterre* received him with acclamations, and called upon the fair dame who graced the box to salute the successful writer with a kiss. The duchess, "nothing loth," obeyed the imperious command of a public unusually excited. The fame of *Merope* quickly reached England. Theobald gave a literal version, and Aaron Hill adapted it for the London stage, where it was favourably received, although during its run the translator was seized with brain fever, which terminated fatally. The success attending a drama with but little of love in it induced other authors to follow out the idea. *Barbarossa, Douglas, &c.*, were presented to the public, in which the love of a mother for her offspring formed the principal feature.*

Frederic the Great, writing to Voltaire, says that the works composed for the time in which he lived would be forgotten, but that the tragedies, in spite of critics and enemies, would descend to posterity. This prophecy was not to be realised. The *Romances*, the *Philosophical Dictionary*, and the *facties* are in the recollection of well-educated Frenchmen, but its plays are almost forgotten. The story of *Merope* was dramatised by Euripides under the title of *Cresphonte*. This is unfortunately lost. We learn from Aristotle that when *Cresphonte* was performed the Athenians crowded the theatre, and an extraordinary emotion was excited. The plot is founded upon the assassination of *Cresphonte*, King of Messenia, and his two children by Polyphonte, who aspires to the diadem, and to *Merope*, widow of the murdered King. The Queen, however, expecting the arrival of a third son, whom she has consigned to the care of an old man, *Naval*, refuses the offer of Polyphonte. The son returns unexpectedly, but has been seized as a murderer and brought before *Merope*, who, not knowing him, consents to his death. Before the execution of the decree, however, she recognises him, and determines to seat him on the throne. Polyphonte is baffled in his attempts, his murder of the late King is discovered. *Merope* and her son awake the indignation of the people, and the altar prepared for the sacrifice of the youth and the marriage of Polyphonte with *Merope* becomes the scene of a battle in which the tyrant is overthrown and virtue triumphs. *Merope* like most of the heroines of the French stage is somewhat extravagant in the expression of her passion. No French dramatist has, in spite of Voltaire's feeling of the want, created a "Desdemona," "Viola," or "Cordelia;" in their places stand "Phedre," "Hermione," and "Andromaque," with wonderful delineations of jealousy, rage, and violence, made popular by some actress possessing great physical power, and mistress of strong emotions.

La Prise de Peking has had a most successful career at the new Théâtre du Châtelet, where the director has renovated the spangles on the silk-dresses of the Chinese mandarins. Brownly is still uproariously applauded as a true type of an Englishman; and the correspondent of the *Times* continues to delight his admirers with the cool phlegm and self-command which he exhibits, amid roaring of cannon and firing of musketry that would alarm any one but a true Briton. His magnanimity when death is announced is furiously applauded, and his consolation at being a victim to the opium trade, unjustly carried on by his countrymen, duly appreciated.

The often promised *Macbeth* has not yet made its appearance at the Odéon, but, to satisfy the longing after something new, the director has borrowed from the Vaudeville M. Barrière's *Les Parisiens*, which exhibits M. Felix, a popular actor, in a part peculiarly suited to his talents. A young actress, Madlle. Roussel, appears likely to be one of the first favourites of the day. She carried away last year the prize at the Conservatoire, and this season seems to have captivated both public and critics.

At the Gaité an old piece of the Jack Sheppard school "*Cartouche*," has been revived, the censorship of the press having refused its sanction to *Les Diables noirs*. *Cartouche* was a favourite some four years ago, but its revival has no chance of a prolonged success. In fact, there is at present so much excitement required that it is difficult to make a piece go down in which there is neither murder nor gunpowder.

Victor Hugo's *Misérables* has had a short life at Brussels. It expired last week at the theatre without mourners.

The annual fête in aid of the funds of the dramatic artists is announced for the 6th of March (Opéra Comique), under the immediate patronage of their Imperial Majesties. It is to be a *bal costumé*. On these occasions large sums are usually obtained. The most prominent artists of the day undertake the management of the fête, and the

popular actresses assuming the position of "lady patronesses," dispose of the tickets to candidates happy to pay for the honor of a "transient smile." In the evening they receive in their boxes those who have shown most liberality in their patronage of this well-supported charity.

SPIRIT RAPPING AND FORTUNE TELLING.

The spiritual Mr. Hume is again in Paris attended by a crowd of impalpables. At a *séancing* in the Tuileries some important communications were made by those invisible personages who can only manifest thanks to us in "rapping." We have not much spiritual telegraphy going on; some few old ladies in society now and then turn the tables, but the game is not popular, and no one can make money or fame by it in this unbelieving city. What we patronise here is the old-fashioned fortune-teller with mystic cards and crossings of the hand with gold or silver. One Edmond is said to gain 100,000fr. yearly by revealing "past, present, and future." Dressed in black velvet robe and cap, decorated with hieroglyphics, and gold chains round his neck, before him is a table on which he spreads astronomically illuminated cards. One stream of daylight darting through coloured glass falls on a skull. Mysterious twilight thus prepares the way for M. Edmond's revelations. "Soft music" might be added to harmony; but the astrologer's time is too valuable, and music, however soft, might drown his voice prophetic. Besides, the attractions as they stand financially are all that could be desired. Early in the morning and throughout the day M. Edmond's rooms are crowded by young and old of both sexes, and all classes. Called on one after another into the magician's sanctum, the cards are shuffled, cut, and the worst or best told them in a rapid, business like voice. When any one asks for "more," M. Edmond declares that his powers grow dim, and the vision of the patient's life has faded; whereupon the door is opened, and other customers appear. Some go over and over again. They are mostly women—young women, who, from imprudence or idleness, have got into some trouble, and believe eventually that "something will turn up" to get them out of it. When M. Edmond has done his daily work, he writes his "correspondence" for abroad. People consult him from all parts. He is a clever man, and no labourer in Paris works harder.—(*Letter from Paris*.)

PATTI—PATTI—PATTI.—"Patti!" exclaims the Parisian *Figaro*. You are introduced to Patti, and find that she is a little girl of nineteen, who looks fourteen—a child who might have a doll, and know nothing of life. "Do you ever read the newspapers?" "No; I never see them," she replies. "If there is anything nice, my brother reads it to me. If not, I don't hear of it." "What do you read, then?" "Thackeray, Dickens—nearly all the English authors." "Do you like Paris?" "Yes, but I like London better. The French are so changeable, I am told; whereas the English—" "Well?" "When once they have taken a liking to you it lasts for ever. I was much quieter in London; and if you only knew how fond I am of quiet. Here people talk so fast, and so much it confuses me." "How can that confuse you—you who can speak English, French, Italian, and Spanish equally well?" "Not being accustomed to it, I suppose." "But how do you amuse yourself in London?" "I talk to Miss Alice, who is always with me." "Well, Miss Alice is in Paris now, and is going with you to Vienna." "Certainly; but"—"I suppose you do not feel at home: that is what annoys you?" "Exactly so." "Shall you sing much at Vienna?" "I don't know." "How is that? Don't you know what your engagements are?" "No, I never know. My Papa arranges everything. As for me, they tell me I must start, and I start; they will tell me to sing, and I sing." "And Italy, when are you going there? It is not its fault that it is not your native land." "Oh, I am very sorry I have not been there already. I shall be delighted to see Italy." "And you, also shall you not, Miss Alice?" "Miss Alice" (says *Figaro*) blushes, her blue eyes turn pale (!), then a smile appears on her face, thirty-two teeth glitter between her lips, and she murmurs (at last), "Oh yes, Sir!"

The above mode of depicting the character of the great singer of the day through an ordinary conversation well arranged, appears to us an immense improvement on the old-fashioned memoir. The *Figaro*'s dialogue gives a much better notion of what Mdle. Patti is really like than any of Mr. Silvy's photographs. In future, when this method has become generally known, ladies of celebrity, instead of being asked to sit for their portraits to photographers will be asked to talk for their portraits to writers, and the great art will be to make them talk characteristically and well, as in photography the great art is to get them into a good, characteristic pose.—*Barbagriggia*.

MDLLE. MARIA DE VILLAR.—The *Peterborough Advertiser*, speaking of this rising artist, says—"At the concert given by Mr. Thacker, at (Thorney) the soprano was Mdle. Maria de Villar "Court Concert singer" to the Prince Hohenzoller. Mdle. Villar is a most accomplished vocalist. The "gem" of the evening was her rendering of "Qui la voce," given with a large amount of feeling, combined with a rapidity of execution that proved her to be a vocalist of no ordinary pretensions. This was unanimously encored."

* Maffei had preceded Voltaire in taking the story as foundation for a drama. *Merope* was translated in 1740 into English by Mr. Ayre, so that the British theatrical public, at an early period, made acquaintance with the groundwork on which Voltaire had worked.

Letters to the Editor.

ADELINA PATTI.

Au Redacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.

MONSIEUR.—J'ai entendu la Patti pour la première fois cette semaine. — Comment aurais-je pu vous en parler avant, à moins de recourir à la méthode de ce critique bien connu qui s'abstenait, pour n'être pas influencé, de voir les pièces dont il avait à rendre compte?

Donc, j'ai enfin entendu la Patti, et mon opinion est que vous ferez bien d'aller l'entendre vous-même, si vous voulez être charmé, ravi, comblé d'aise par le chant le plus naturel, le moins savant, le plus suave, le moins emprunté, le plus brillant, le moins prétentieux, par la voix la plus limpide, la plus fraîche, la plus vibrante, la plus intrépide, par les gazouillements de la fauvette et les vocalises du rossignol? La Patti est née pour chanter comme le papillon pour folâtrer et l'écureuil pour gambader. Tout est instinct chez elle, instinct merveilleux en vérité, qui traite de puissance à puissance avec les grands maîtres dont on lui confie les airs à chanter. Elle veut bien se laisser accompagner par Rossini et Donizetti, mais, quand un trait n'est pas assez éclatant à son gré, elle le remplace par une fanfare de sa façon, par une espièglerie ravissante, inimitable, impossible et d'un bonheur inouï! Elle se moque bien, ma foi, des esprits chagrins qui veulent le respect de la partition! Elle vous les a bientôt subjugués! Foin de la critique morose! ses juges les plus rebelles à l'enchantement, les voilà, comme le public tout entier, éblouis, déconcertés, fascinés par la voix adorable et par les hardiesses si aisées de cette petite sirène, qui, de plus, joue la comédie comme si elle l'avait inventée!

Paris, Février 10.

UN FRANÇAIS A PARIS.

THE APPROACHING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Seeing it announced that at the approaching Royal marriage an additional Choir of 200 performers is to assist the gentlemen of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, I beg to suggest through the medium of your valuable paper that the additional choir consist of professional choristers from the cathedrals and churches in London and the provinces. This arrangement would, I firmly believe, increase the status of merit, for though I by no means disparage the musical abilities of those amateurs who, prompted by their love for music, may offer their services, yet I think these cannot compete with professionals. I mean with men who devote themselves and their whole lives to the study of music—and in many cases depend upon it for a livelihood. The occasion on which this choir is to be formed, requires the performance to be of peculiar excellence. I think, therefore, that cathedral choristers are best fitted to fulfil the task, and should, if possible, be procured; seeing the matter in this light and being anxious that the performance should be worthy of the occasion, I hope the authorities will employ the best qualified persons.

Trusting you will favor me by inserting this, or yourself advocate the cause of the choristers of England,

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A Lover of Music.

PLENTY OF TENORS AND NEW OPERAS.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—But for the mention of Mr. Gye's name I should have thought the remarks of "Anonymous," in your last number, were intended for the management of the Royal English Opera, at which musical establishment "Pantomime" has been the great attraction for the last few weeks, and where the forthcoming novelty will be a novelty only as regards its libretto. Balfe's music is no novelty at the Royal English Opera. Has not that most hackneyed of operas, *The Bohemian Girl*, relieved only by *Satanella*, *The Puritan's Daughter*, or *The Rose of Castile*, been played night after night, until wearied at finding nothing but Balfe announced, I have given up going to the English Opera? Am I not driven against my nationality to welcome the forthcoming Italian season, because, dull though it may be, it is not one quarter so uninteresting as the English Opera season.

And why has the English Opera season been dull? There is a band, a chorus, and conductor, which would do no discredit to the

first Opera-house in the world, be it where it may. There are a few, though unfortunately, not all, your best lyric ARTISTES; what then is the mistake that has been perpetrated at our only National Opera House? That of opening an immense theatre, with the idea of making it pay by skilful management, and the attraction which English opera has for Englishmen—these, Sir, are the reasons no doubt, why the names of Balfe and Wallace, the most successful, though, not always the most learned, or original, of our composers, appear so ineffaceably printed on the playbills.

It is said, by-the-bye, that Mr. Wallace's last opera has not been a pecuniary triumph. Why do not Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison try back, begin anew? Let them consider the policy of the manager of the Monday Popular Concerts. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are in themselves a host, where can more clever, or more popular ARTISTES be found? Let them try Gounod's *Faust*, a paying success (and promised last season), *Lalla Rookh*, *La Circassienne*, or any other operas but *The Bohemian Girl*, &c., and *Love's Triumph*, &c., excellent as all these must be to stand their ground so steadily.

There are many composers, never heard at the Italian Opera, whose productions would, probably, pay as well as Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* did, or, why not try another opera by the composer of *The Lily of Killarney*, or *Robin Hood*, or *Victorine*, or *The Night Dancers*—all of which were eminent successes.

"Anonymous" further adds—"above all a new tenor should be obtained." Although there are not plenty of English tenors anymore than, as far as I know, there are plenty of Italian ones, there are yet two, if not three, or, even four English tenors, either of whom, properly used, would materially enhance the attractiveness of our English Opera.

Everyone wishes Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison success, because, thanks to their TALENTED EXERTIONS, both as managers and as lyric ARTISTES, English Opera has not been without a home for the last few years; but no one will accept the Royal English Opera, admirable as it is in many respects, as the Grand National Opera of the country.

JOHN BULL.

[This letter should have been signed "Anonymous."—ED.]

OLD DOUBLE NOT DOUBLED UP.

(To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.)

SIR,—In reference to the notice to Correspondent—S * * * B * * *—this week, I would respectfully ask whether the intervals need be doubled. They are *bad* because they are *long*, but they could not be *long* (and then, exhaustively, they could not be *bad*, as it were) if one knew where to find the Editor, and if on calling, he would find one in a weed. Then the "intervals" of our meeting would be briefer. I can say no more, and did not mean to say so much. See Lord Dudley (in this week's *Essence of Sack*) and COPY (*Mud that won't stick*), which is a kick for an impertinent personage, known to you.—BARBAROSSA.

[*Denegat et pugnat, sed vult super omnia vincere.*—ED.]

BLANCHE AND ROLLER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In last week's number of the Musical World the house of Blanche et Roller was mentioned and a doubt expressed as to whether the firm still existed. I beg to inform your readers that M. Blanché Fils is at present sole proprietor of the concern, which is one of the best houses for small Pianos in Paris. M. Blanché's Pianos were very much admired by the Jury in the Exhibition.

Feb. 5

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

F. SCOTSON CLARK.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Herr Manns' second Concert (on Saturday last) was even better than the first, an improvement upon which was by no means easy. To begin with the vocal music; Miss Armytage, a very promising young pupil of Signor Schira at the Royal Academy of Music, made her first appearance at these Concerts, and experienced a most flattering reception, which must have been all the more grateful to herself inasmuch as she could not be otherwise than conscious of having deserved it. She sang twice—first, "Il soave e bel contento" (Pacini); next "Quand je quittais le Normandie" (Meyerbeer), both charmingly and was unanimously recalled after the first. The other singer was a débuter—Mr. Viotti Cooper, brother of the well-known Wilbye—to whom were assigned two of the most difficult pieces extant—viz, "Adelaide" and "Fra Poco." We are inclined to think highly of the quality of this gentleman's voice, but on the present occasion, being almost paralysed with nervousness, it was not in his mastery. He

must not for that be down-hearted, but try again, and begin with something less taxing to immature powers.

The Orchestra shone brilliantly in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (F, of course), which we never heard played by any band in Europe, or under any conductor in Europe, with more uniformly sustained delicacy and finish. Even more interesting, because less familiar than the Symphony, was a selection from the ballet of *Prometheus* (Nos. 15 and 16), the "Caro di Vignano" and finale, to which Herr Manns' had affixed in the programme the subjoined interesting (and promissory) note:—

"In a brief sketch of the *Eroica Symphony* of Beethoven, appended to one of the Crystal Palace Programmes last year, the fact was pointed out that the composer had taken the theme of the last movement of that great work from the finale to his earlier composition of the Ballet of *Prometheus*. That finale we have this day the honour to perform; and in so doing we trust to gratify the lovers of music with a highly interesting peep into the workshop of genius in the shape of a piece of instrumental music from Beethoven's pen, all but unknown, though full of his own humour and Promethean fire. A performance of the entire work, with the explanations necessary to make it intelligible in the Concert Room, is contemplated at an early Saturday Concert."—A. M.

The Concerto was Weber's in E flat for pianoforte; the pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, whose return to the Crystal Palace, after a long absence, was as welcome as the return of Spring, apostrophised by Petrarca, in one of his most beautiful and least familiar sonnets.—

"Zeffiro torna, e' bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l'erbe, e sua dolce famiglia;
E garrii Progne, e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e' i ciel si rasserena;
Giovè s'allegria di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra, &c., &c.

For Giove read Mr. Grove—pronouncing the name (with its owner's permission) as in Italian:—

Grove s'allegria di mirar sua figlia.

Madame Arabella Goddard has more than once played Weber's concerto in public, but never more admirably than on the present occasion, nor with greater success. The *fantasia* of Thalberg was given with dazzling brilliancy, and enthusiastically redemanded; but the young virtuosa (a Sims Reeves of the key-board) would only consent to reappear on the platform, make a graceful "reverence," and vanish again like "the arrow in the noon," in Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*.

After the concert, Mr. James Coward performed (upon the Handel Festival Organ) the following selection:—

Chorus, "Sing unto God," Handel; Air, "O, rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn; Selection, "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer; Airs, Extempore; March, "Egmont," Beethoven; Overture, "Der Freischütz," Weber.

Altogether it was a delightful afternoon of melody and harmony.

A LETTER FROM MDLLE. TITIENS.

TO J. H. MAPLESON, ESQ.

SIR,—In reply to your application, soliciting my gratuitous services for the concert proposed to be given for the benefit of the bereaved families of the unfortunate sufferers in the late disastrous coal-pit accident, I feel it a Christian duty at once to accede to your request, most fervently trusting that my services will, in some measure, assist in alleviating the wants and sufferings of so many fellow creatures, which, indeed, causes my heartfelt sympathy when I think of their unmitigated anguish and distress. In case the proceeds of one concert are not sufficient for the purpose, I will sing again and again, until their wants are permanently relieved. This is the first opportunity I have had since my arrival in this country of giving my services professionally, for any charitable purpose, my original contract having precluded my so doing hitherto. I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

THERESE TITIENS.

St. John's Wood, Jan. 30, 1862.

PATTI IN PARIS.—(Extract from a private letter, Paris Feb. 11.)—As the time approaches when Mdle Patti is to leave Paris for Vienna the curiosity to hear her increases and the contention for places becomes greater and greater. This morning when the box office at the Italiens was opened the rush to obtain seats for her last two performances was something unusual. It was more like a crowd striving to gain entrance into a theatre on the night of some special representation than any thing else. The people

pressed forward in eager haste regardless of all consequences, and the exclamations and asseverations were anything but acceptable to ears polite. When the "location" was at length opened the scene grew indescribable, and the vendors of the tickets had their work set them to prevent the office being stormed outright. In less than two hours every ticket was disposed of for the two final performances, which are *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Friday and *La Sonnambula* on Saturday. On Monday the young lady starts for the Austrian capital, and makes her first appearance in the *Sonnambula*. To give you some idea how Mdle. Patti's reputation is making its way through France, I may mention that a few days since a deputation came expressly from Marseilles to offer her 15,000 francs to sing at one concert.

THE CREATION AT ALNWICK CASTLE (From a Correspondent).—His Grace the Duke of Northumberland inaugurated the completion of the "Hotspur Hall," in Alnwick Castle, by a performance of the oratorio *The Creation*. The principal singers engaged for the occasion were Mdle. Parepa, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Amongst the instrumentalists were Messrs. Blagrove, R. Ainsworth, Howell, Sidney Pratten, Nicholson, Horton, Waetzig, &c. The chorus included upwards of eighty singers, from the adjacent towns, selected by Mr. W. Rea. The new hall holds upwards of 800 persons. On the entrance of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, they were received with a burst of applause. The National Anthem was then given, with the addition of the following stanzas, sung by Mdle. Parepa:—

"May he we love so well
Long in proud Alnwick dwell,
Northumberland!
Long may his Duchess live,
Light to our homes to give,
Blessings may both receive
From Thy great hand."

All the artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and were frequently and deservedly applauded. The performance was under the superintendence of Mr. W. Rea, who won "golden opinions" on all sides. A handsome bracelet was presented to Mdle. Parepa by the Duchess of Northumberland.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, FEB. 5.

(Nisi Prius, before Baron BRAMWELL).

MAXWELL V. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

Sergeant Shee and Watkin Williams counsel for plaintiff; Hawkins, Q.C., and Henry James for defendant. An action by plaintiff, publisher, against defendant, author of reputation, for not supplying copy of work called *Blow hot, Blow cold*, enough to make 320 pages. Tale which appeared in *Welcome Guest* periodical, of which plaintiff was proprietor, proved so attractive as to induce plaintiff to project its republication in separate volume. Agreement entered into, by which defendant assigned interest in tale and agreed to write 48 extra pages within given time. The latter part of agreement, it was alleged, had not been carried out. Case opened at length, plaintiff examined, at suggestion of learned Judge, case referred to arbitration. After lengthened discussion between parties, resolved to refer case to Hepworth Dixon.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The second of the delightful *re-unions* of this society for the season took place on Wednesday evening last at the Suffolk Street gallery. In addition to the splendid collection of photographs exhibited by the Photographic Society, a concert was provided by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, in which he was assisted by Miss Van Noorden, Madame Gordon, Madame Andrea, Mr. Hamilton, P. E. Van Noorden, Master Arlidge (Flute) and Mr. Donald King. There was an unusually large attendance of members and visitors, amongst whom were several notabilities in the artistic world. The society may be congratulated on a most successful evening.

BRUNSWICK.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, under the title of *The Rose of Erin*, has been given for the first time in Germany, in the new and splendid Ducal theatre, Brunswick. The opera was eminently successful. Capellmeister Franj Abt superintended the entire getting up of the work.—Fäulein Elvire Behrens, well known to the English public, gave, lately, a Concert in the above city, assisted by the excellent pianist, Fäulein Sara Magnus, from Stockholm, and Capellmeister Abt's Vocal Association. Fäulein Behrens, who made her first appearance in Brunswick, delighted a large audience by her pure and finished style of singing the choicest classical compositions.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1863,
Second appearance of Madame Arabella Goddard.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 42, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello *B. Molique.*
(Second time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
MM. MOLIQUE, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI.

SONG, "Dove sono" *Mozart.*
Madlle. CORBARI.
(Her first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts.)

SONG, "A song of the North Sea" *J. Benedict.*
Mr. WINN.

SONATA, in F major, "Ne Plus Ultra," with Variations on "Life
let us cherish" *Wolff.*
(By unanimous desire.)
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.

GRAND SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, French
Horn, Viola, Contrabasso, and Violoncello *Hummel.*
(By desire.)
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. PRATTEN, BARRET, C. HARPER, H. WEBB,
C. SEVERN, and PIATTI.

SONG, "The Fisher Maiden" *Meyerbeer.*
Madlle. CORBARI.

SONG, "Revenge! Timotheus cries"—(*Alexander's Feast*) *Handel.*
Mr. WINN.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 18 (No. 5), for two Violins, Viola, and
Violoncello *Beethoven.*
MM. MOLIQUE, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s; Tickets to be had of Mr. AESTIN, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and of Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S*****Y B****s. *Frangi pertinaciam passa est* (—"Placitone etiam pugnatis amoris?"—*Venientem ridebis ipsum denuo inflammatum et prorsus insanientem.* ("Et sic cum fere de illo, &c.") Eugenia drew Timocles for her Valentine, and wore his name a long time after in her bosom. Camena singled out Pamphilus to dance at Myson's wedding (some say), for there she saw him first. Focchianus overtook Cœlia by THE HIGHWAY SIDE. Pooh! *Fugientem sequitur, sequentem fugit.* Think only of "Tympanum et Tripudium."

H****E M****w. What so violent an oppugner? Gregory Nazianzen (as he relates the story himself), when a noble friend of his solemnly invited him (with other bishops) to his daughters wedding, *refused to come* (Qy. go?).

EÖTHEN. The Greek is ἠῶθεν (*Heöthen*) (*Heöthen*), from the early dawn; *Attice*—from the East.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is Removed to DUNCAN DAVISON AND Co's., 244, REGENT STREET (corner of Little Argyl Street), where subscriptions, advertisements, and all communications intended for the Publishers or the Editor will henceforth be received.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

ARE managers blocks, or stones, or senseless things? or is humanity, considered from a general point of view, devoid of reason, without prudence, without foresight, ever intent on the present, never thinking of the future? And yet, if man and managers had no precaution, insurance offices would be few and ill-supported, whereas they are numberless and opulent. Indeed, in the main, man is a specially provident animal; he makes up his mind to die or to have his house burnt about his ears sometime or another, and satisfies his apprehensions by securing a certain reversionary remuneration in assurance offices. But having secured himself against loss by fire—as no one can say where the injury will cease—is he not bound to prevent the possibility of accidents as far as lies in his power? Undoubtedly he is, since fire endangers life and limb as well as property; and though his house may be re-built and his furniture renewed his wife and children may perish. It appears fruitless, however, to attempt to drive any provision against accident into the heads of theatrical managers. The many and dreadful calamities which have recently occurred in theatres in London and elsewhere have taught no lesson, instigated no terrors, and suggested no prevention. Each manager thinks he will be more favored than his neighbour, and trusts to chance to escape scot free.

Another terrible accident from fire in a theatre, similar to the many recently recorded, again proclaims how little care is taken to avoid these now oft-recurring catastrophes. On Monday night, at the termination of the pantomime at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Mrs Nelson, one of the ladies of the ballet, unconsciously approached too near one of the unguarded gaslights. Her dress, distended and made of the most inflammable material, naturally caught fire. Ignited muslin, gauze, and calico are not easily extinguished. The poor lady was fearfully burnt, and now lies in a precarious, if not in a hopeless, state.

For the sake of universal humanity some prompt measure should be attempted to stay these horrible evils. Theatrical managers should hold a meeting, or several meetings, and, from public discussion no doubt something would arise that might lead to the prevention of accidents by fire. Every day, in some journal or other, there appears the recommendation of some means whereby clothes may be rendered non-inflammable. Most recent of these is that discovered by a French chymist, than which nothing can be more simple. It is merely drying in a sulphur bath any the most delicate textile fabric, when it immediately loses its power

of ignition. Moreover, we are informed that the sulphur vapor purifies and makes the article submitted to its action whiter than before. Notwithstanding that these facts are placed so continuously before the eyes of managers, we do not feel assured they will take the necessary, if indeed any, precautions. Until in fact some stage manager, some actor of renown, some *prima donna*, or privileged subscriber be consumed outright, no serious notice will be taken of these accidents; and perhaps the very best thing that could occur on the side of humanity would be the burning of some person high in authority, or that of some popular idol. Then, indeed, we should have meetings and discussions, and the world would be moved to action as well as pity, in consequence of the irreparable affliction.

FOR some time past, a young musician, by name Herr Johann Brahms, has excited considerable notice in musical circles, and will, we fancy, at no distant period attract still more. Perhaps, therefore, the following notice of him—translated from the *Recensionen*, a paper often alluded to by our correspondent at Vienna—may not be without interest to our readers. They must bear in mind, however, that we do not hold ourselves responsible, either for the opinions of our contemporary or for the style in which they are occasionally advanced:—

"The exercise of art has, now-a-days, become so completely a trade, that exceptions to the rule, when they are found, merit, as such, to be doubly appreciated, and to excite in us a feeling of lively interest. An exception of this description is the young artist, who, for the last few months has, in many various ways, drawn upon himself, his efforts, and his performances, the attention of the musical public of Vienna, and whose name stands at the head of these lines. The name of Johann Brahms was first made known to the musical world through Robert Schumann. The mode in which Schumann introduced it on the stage of publicity still dwells in the remembrance of everyone. The letter of recommendation which he openly gave to the young disciple of art most certainly facilitated indescribably the youth's entrance into the world, especially the more sacred circle of the publishers and the public; but then, on the other hand, it rendered his appreciation by them proportionately difficult to be achieved; the former, because the eyes of all were at once directed to him; the latter, because people believed themselves justified in expecting from him very great things.

"With the majority, even of educated persons, a celebrated name and the authority attached to it decide a matter at once; nay, more than this; any attempt to examine the value of such a guarantee is seldom made. Thus, probably, very few (except such individuals as were unfavourably inclined, envious of, or inimical to the young artist) reflected that a recommendation from Schumann, if his idiosyncrasy, and the then advanced stage of illness attained by his mind and his fancy were taken into consideration, had its drawbacks. It was very possible to give way to a suspicion that the sympathy so overflowing expressed by the master had been excited by the fact that he had discovered in the youth, only in a greater degree than in himself, those points of his own nature, which, since our judgment, less blinded than formerly by the extraordinarily magical brilliancy of that nature, has become clearer, repel us from, rather than attract us to, him.

"This suspicion, by the way, was rather corroborated than weakened by the productions which the young composer shortly afterwards published, for in them—we refer more especially to the first three sonatas for the piano—we found the same wildness and heated ecstasy of sentiment which partly characterised the youthful works of Schumann, but we found also that these qualities combined only in a very small degree with those which lent to the first-born efforts of Schumann's muse so irresistible a charm for persons of a susceptible disposition. In a still more one-sided manner, and yet, again, with not much less power and life, Brahms's art appeared to aim solely and wholly, at taking captive our fancy, and it was but seldom that we felt our minds deeply touched and moved, as we so frequently do with Schumann. For the artist rarely exists completely isolated from the man. Even in his wildest outburst, Schumann invariably pays attention to beauty of sound ("Klangschönheit")—in the right acceptance of the term—while Brahms appears, only too frequently, to take an especial delight in what is positively hateful, in disagreeable passages, in bad doublings

of intervals, etc. His material pianoforte style was fond of what was extravagant and wildly eccentric. Even the greatest difficulties written by Schumann, the boldest combinations of which he fancies the fingers capable of executing, grow organically from the thought; we feel their necessity as required by the style; we, therefore, willingly admit them; in the compositions of Brahms, on the other hand, we felt, only too frequently, their capricious, purposely defiant, and wantonly, nay, barbarously forced character; sentiment and sense were opposed to this; for what we found in the way of mind, fancy and feeling, though, it is true, always keeping us on the stretch, was not sufficiently rich, powerful, and profound to compensate for such pretensions. Schumann's name is too intimately connected with that of Brahms for anyone who speaks of the young living disciple of art not to think of the deceased master. The relationship between their respective productions would not, however, point so unmistakably from the first composer to the second, for it is hardly greater than in the case of many other talented individuals now living and inspired principally by Schumann—such, for instance, as Woldemar Bargiel, Theodor Kirchner, etc. A vein of independence, stamping him as a self-producing nature (which, by the way, Kirchner is not, though Bargiel is) appears in the very first effort of Brahms, and he has since continued to display this more and more. The most mature productions of this early period, when his creative powers were still fermenting, wildly and chaotically, within him, as the variations on a theme by Schumann, and on some of his songs. Whoever is not repelled by the nervous irritation, the feverish state of tension, which, after all, were symptoms of the period, in this small work, will infallibly feel attracted by the rich fancy displayed in it." I am inclined, indeed, to prefer these variations to those published subsequently, on a theme of Handel's. Though the latter may be richer, more polished, and more artistically treated (a grand fugue figures as the finale), the latter strike me as being more original, more vigorous in invention, and, though less elegant, freer.

"In other respects, however, as I have already remarked, Brahms has made considerable progress in his later, compared to his earlier, productions. He endeavours to extricate himself from the mystical fogs of that somewhat dense and darkly seething cloudiness of feeling, contracted, probably, from studying the authors and composers of the romantic school, and, moreover so apt to settle on the minds of our northern Fatherland, and he struggles visibly, and with cheering success, to obtain clear plastic form and sunny joyfulness.

"The young composer (he can scarcely be more than thirty odd) has been staying, as already remarked, for some months this winter, in Vienna. He has given public performances of several of his compositions, including, for instance, a pianoforte quartet at the first of Herr Hellmesberger's *soirées*; and an orchestral work entitled, 'Serenade,' at one of the Gesellschaft Concerts, conducted by Herr Herbeck, besides a second quartet for the piano, the Variations on the theme from Handel, the Sonata in F minor, and several songs, at two concerts given by himself, when, moreover, he appeared as the interpreter of other masters, more especially Bach and Schumann. It cannot be said that even one of these works excited any very great interest in the public, excepting, perhaps, the Variations; and with the latter it was really difficult to determine how much of the extra excitement was due to the very fine playing of the composer. But I should never think of seeking a standard by which to measure the inward worth of a musical production, or of any other work of art, in the applause or disapprobation of an audience, whether 'mixed' or 'select.' Works bearing a peculiar stamp, and in which the elemental fire appears only smothered, will, even in the case of an educated hearer who listens to them, but rarely cause him to do aught but find them interesting; they will neither attract nor repel him vividly; he will neither vigorously agree with nor vigorously disagree with them. To this must be added the uncertainty of the public in its judgment, an uncertainty which, by the way, is greater among us now than it formerly was, because people no longer venture to be affected by mere 'impressions,' but wish to have an opinion of their own, while, at the same time, they are afraid of compromising themselves in the eyes of the more intelligent. Consequently, when a movement or a piece is concluded, most persons glance furtively at those around them, to see what the latter think, and, during this process of mutual examination and deliberation, the moment for expressing applause elaps by. The composition, then, appears to have produced no impression, because, probably, people did not venture to obey their own natural impulse. In the year 1845, or 1846, Schumann was treated by the public with the most marked coldness, at the concerts he and his wife gave together in Vienna; ten years later, he began to be a general favorite.

"But what ought to astonish us the most is, that the 'Serenade' produced by Herbeck, and which was the same that pleased so highly in Hamburg, excited here such a lukewarm feeling of interest; and yet it indisputably contains many beauties, and, moreover, is distinguished for its joyous character and brilliant coloring, qualities

which generally prove attractive even in works that are not so important. It is less astonishing that Brahms' two quartets for the piano and his Sonata met with a dubious reception, and the composer would have done better, if, instead of one of the above two works, he had endeavoured to bring a sestet composed by him for stringed instruments, and which strikes me as being the most mature and clear of all he has hitherto done, including the 'Serenade.'

"Brahms at once turned his attention (differing vastly from Schumann in this respect, but resembling Rubenstein) to the grander instrumental forms, to so-called chamber-music, the Sonata, the Trio, the Quartet, and, finally, to orchestral composition, and thus proved his desire to achieve the highest honors. Whether those prophets who, for so long, have announced that, as a rule, few such honors are to be gained in this department of art are right or not, is something we will not attempt to decide; at any rate, facts are the surest, nay, the only, proofs of the contrary, and it can scarcely be denied that in such compositions by Brahms and Rubinstein (not to mention others) there has blossomed an interesting and attractive after-crop. Rubinstein's talent appears to me more extensive and fresher, but, at the same time, ruder, and Brahms' more concentrated.

"At his concerts, besides appearing as a composer, Brahms came forward also as a player, that is, he executed some compositions by our 'masters.' It seems, however, that he attaches no particular importance to this, but looks upon it as a matter of secondary consequence. That he should feel himself more especially attracted by Bach and Schumann, and less by Beethoven—for otherwise he would scarcely have selected for performance so many of the most important pianoforte productions of the two former, and so comparatively small a contribution as Variations on a theme from the *Eroica*, of the works of the latter—is something that we perfectly understood, knowing, as we do, his whole character.

"His playing is particularly soft and delicate, although, when necessary, not deficient in vigor; it adapts itself cleverly and feelingly to all the lights and shadows of a composition, and keeps miles and miles aloof, with artistic dignity, from aught resembling virtuoso-like tinsel. His execution of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, and of Schumann's F minor Sonata, known, also, under the title of 'Concert sans Orchestre,' was a truly perfect and, in every sense, a wonderful display of its kind. Depth of feeling and vigor, gentleness and lightness, combined in producing the most beautiful effect, and the artist proved himself worthy of the highest praise.

"But it is the artistic dignity, the profound and, at the same time, unpretending seriousness, with which Brahms devotes himself to all he undertakes, that more especially raise him above the ordinary level, and, also, fascinate us in his playing. For him art is still 'a sacred mission; may it always remain so. We believe that he possesses sufficient strength to carry out our wish. It is true that something depends upon the favor of external circumstances, for even the artist is bound down, in his efforts, by certain mundane conditions. He will not covet superfluity, supposing him to be what he should be, but even he cannot dispense with what is absolutely necessary, and this he should not purchase by having to sustain too heavy a yoke. May, therefore, a friendly constellation illumine his path through life."

The penultimate paragraph is somewhat foggy. We do not clearly apprehend it; but, perchance, our readers may.

Mdlle. TITIENS AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In your last number I notice some remarks by "A German at Naples," amongst which, alluding to Mdlle. Titien, are the following:—

"The Chairman of the Norwich Festival has written to her, but the offer made her is ridiculous; if they think her worth to fill the place of Clara Novello, they must pay her the same as they did her, if not, let them take those who are cheaper."

The object of the few lines I now address to you is to inform your correspondent through your publication that the offer made by our committee for Mdlle. Titien's services was the same sum that was paid to Clara Novello at our last two festivals. If artists persist in asking extravagant terms, it is clear that Provincial Festivals must either get on as well as they can without them, or cease to exist; we have not space to accommodate a sufficient number of persons to make it answer to pay exorbitant demands, neither does it consist with justice to our charities to squander money which is raised for the ostensible purpose of

contributing to their benevolent objects. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
E. COPEMAN, M.D.
(Chairman of the Sub-Committee of the Norfolk and Norwich Festival.)

Mr. HOWARD GLOVER gave a "Grand Concert" at Drury Lane, on Saturday morning last, which attracted so large a crowd that hundreds literally were sent away from the doors; on which account Mr. Glover has been compelled to announce another concert on Ash Wednesday, in the same locality, and on the same scale of completeness. Of the performance on Saturday we can do nothing more than give the merest outline. A full and efficient band was engaged, which, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, played Haydn's Symphony in D, the overture to the *Nozze di Figaro*, and accompanied Miss Alice Mangold in Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor. The principal vocal performers were Mr. Sims Reeves, who was encored in "The death of Nelson" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart;" Signor Giuglini, who was encored in "Tu m'ami" and "La donna mobile;" Mr. Weiss, who was encored in "The Village Blacksmith;" and Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, who was encored in Mr. Land's new song, "Bird of the Wilderness." Mr. George Perren was also compelled to repeat his own ballad "When first I heard those bells." Among the remaining singers, whose name is legion, we would specialise Madame Sainton Dolby, Miss Banks, Mdlle. Giorgi, Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Henry Haigh and Mr. Wilbye Cooper as carrying away the secondary honors of the entertainment. M. Sainton's performance of his own Scotch fantasia is entitled to express commendation among the instrumental performances.

MADAME SAINVILLE'S CONCERT at Arundel Hall was not so fully attended as the one she lately gave at the Hanover Square Rooms. The singers, besides the concert giver, who were encored in "Oh, shall we go sailing," and "The little treasure"—were Madame Gordon (encored in a waltz by Ardite), Miss Leftler, Miss Allen, Herr Reutlingers, Mr. Viotti Cooper, and Mr. Ford. The instrumentalists were Mr. S. Austen Pearce and Herr Lehmeier, pianists, and Herr Wiener, violinist. The audience were evidently pleased.

M. FECHTER.—M. Fechter is a Frenchman by education; not by birth. He was born about as far east of the Princess's Theatre as Talma was born west of it, if it is true that Talma was born in Holles-street. But Talma's parents were French, and their native country was his. M. Fechter is not French in this sense, his father being, we believe, a native of Germany. By education, indeed, the son became French. The school of sculpture was the one in which he underwent training as an artist, and is the one in which he has profitably passed his hours of leisure. As a profession, sculpture was early abandoned for the stage, where M. Fechter did not reach his present eminent position without severe discipline. He worked, rather than 'played' in Italy, before he was known in France; and passed modestly but creditably, half student, half actor, through the *Théâtre Français*, of which establishment he was member when he acted with distinction in the French version of *Antigone*, produced at the St. James's Theatre. Fifteen years ago he created a sensation in Berlin, as he is now doing in London, and then returned to France, where critics placed their seal upon his fame, a fame that culminated by his original representation of Duval, in *La Dame aux Camélias*. On the stage he combines the artist and the actor, as we understand both terms. In the *Fils de la Nuit*, he paid for the ship whose appearance formed so picturesque a portion of the drama; and in the *Belle Gabrielle*, at the Porte St. Martin, his too great great ardour precipitated him from a height with consequences which endangered his life. Thus, he has played in Italy, France, Germany, and England, the last being his native land; 'foreign' to it, he became, as we have shown, but it is a misnomer, we think, to describe M. Fechter as a 'Frenchman.'

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER.—The Fourth Subscription Concert of the Bayswater Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, was given on Wednesday evening, and attracted a numerous and elegant audience. These concerts are already exercising a powerful influence on the musical taste of the neighbourhood. No entertainments so well conducted and so thoroughly good had previously been given in Westbourne Hall, and Mr. Carter is entitled to the earnest support of all those who are interested in the healthy progress of the art. The programme of the last concert was most excellent, comprising some of the finest glees, madrigals, and part-songs, of ancient and modern composers. These were varied by sundry vocal solos given by members of the Union, and Mr. Carter supplied solos on the pianoforte, which were received with great favor.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT LINCOLN COCKS.—In our notice of the death of this esteemed gentleman, we were wrong in stating that he had left three children. There are but two only; the day of his decease, moreover, was not, as stated, Saturday the 24th January, but Sunday the 25th.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

ON Thursday night the new opera called *The Armourer of Nantes*, for which Mr. Balfe found music and our esteemed co-labourer, Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, the words, was produced in presence of an audience disposed to enthusiasm, and crowding every part of the theatre.

Anne, Duchess of Brittany (Miss Hiles), is sought in marriage by the French king, Louis XII. That monarch, actuated somewhat by a feeling of affection and a great deal by a desire to annex the rich Duchy of Brittany to the crown of France, has employed every means in his power to attain his end. But, when the opera opens, it is far from certain he will succeed. His envoy, M. de Villefranche (Mr. Weiss), discovers that a certain unprincipled, but gay and dashing, adventurer, Fabio Fabiani (Mr. Santley) has found favor in the eyes of the Duchess, and, indeed, so fascinated her, that she loads him with honors and wealth. Nor is this all. There is reason to believe that she may bestow on him her hand. At this juncture, when matters wear so unfavorable an aspect for Louis XII. M. de Villefranche obtains possession of a letter, in which a considerable number of Breton nobles have offered their aid to place the Duchy of Brittany in the hands of the German Emperor. Armed with this letter he informs the nobles that their lives are in his hands. At the same time, however, he assures them that he will not betray them, provided they will aid him in getting rid, by fair means or foul, of Fabio Fabiani, who threatens to endanger so seriously the French king's chance of gaining the Duchess's hand. The nobles readily promise to do as M. de Villefranche requires. Scarcely have the nobles retired ere Marie, an orphan (Miss Louisa Pyne), rushes from a small house at one corner of the public place, across which the Duchess has passed. She is quickly followed by Dame Bertha (Mrs. Aynsley Cooke), and, from a conversation between the two, we learn that Dame Bertha, forgetful of everything save the desire of gain, has betrayed her trust, and, instead of carefully watching over Marie's safety, has yielded to the bribes of a young gallant, styled the Chevalier de Coutras, and, under some pretence or other, given him access to the house in which she and Marie reside, and which belongs, by the way, to Raoul, the armourer (Mr. W. Harrison). Marie, innocent, kind, and inexperienced, has at first seen nothing wrong in the courteous stranger's visits, but at length she becomes alarmed. Her conscience, too, smites her. She has been adopted by Raoul, who has carefully tended her through her childhood. Raoul, however, no longer loves her with the affection of a guardian for his ward, but with the glowing passion of a most devoted suitor. In a short time, he is about to make her his wife. She, too, as we have already said, is fondly attached to him. The idea of wronging him, by deed or even thought, strikes her with dismay, and she resolves to tell him all that has occurred. Dame Bertha is alarmed at this, and uses all her power to dissuade her from it. Marie has written to the Chevalier and appointed a meeting with him alone that same night, for the purpose of informing him she must never see him more. Dame Bertha urges her still to accord the interview, in consideration of the object for which it has been granted, and, also, not to speak to Raoul on the subject. The poor girl, acting as she thinks for the best, and desirous to screen Dame Bertha from Raoul's just censure, promises compliance, or, at least, promises not to say anything to Raoul that night. This is all that Dame Bertha wishes, for it has been arranged between the Chevalier and herself that the former shall forcibly carry Marie off, during the absence of Raoul, before the dawn. But fate wills it otherwise, Raoul attracted by his love, leaves his workshop to say a few words to his betrothed before she retires to rest. Before his house he meets a Jew (Mr. H. Corri), who warns him not to return to his work, but to remain and watch. Struck by what the Jew tells him, Raoul conceals himself near at hand, just as a cavalier jumps on shore and directs his footsteps towards the armourer's house. The Jew stops him and, on the stranger's asserting himself to be the Chevalier de Coutras, declares he is no other than Fabio Fabiani who, forgetful of the affection he feigns for the Duchess, is, for some motive or other, bent on effecting the ruin of Marie, the armourer's betrothed. Disregarding Fabio Fabiani's menaces, the Jew proceeds to state that Marie is the long lost daughter, supposed to be dead, of the Count de Brissac—a loyal and devoted adherent of the late Duke of Brittany, Francis II—

and entitled to the Count's vast estates and wealth which the Duchess has recently bestowed upon Fabio. To obtain the proofs, which the Jew possesses, of Marie's parentage and rights, Fabio stabs the Jew. But the latter is too cunning for his murderer. He flings the papers from him as he falls, and they are discovered by Raoul, who has been attracted to the spot by the cries of the murdered man. A few words the latter utters, moreover, excite Raoul's suspicions. He is not destined to remain long in doubt. On the return of Fabio, who has been to seek the boatman in whose boat he arrived to obtain his assistance in flinging the Jew into the Loire, matters take a strange turn. Required by Raoul to state by what right he is about to enter the house towards which he is directing his course, Fabio replies that he does so by the best of all rights. The house is his own, or, at any rate, that of his mistress. This provokes a fearful outburst on the part of the Raoul, who brands Fabio as a lying villain. Fabio contemptuously tosses over Marie's letter, in which she makes the appointment to receive Fabio that evening alone. At first, Raoul is paralysed, as it were; but recovering himself and wrought up to the highest pitch of fury, he rushes upon Fabio with the purpose of avenging his injured honor. But he is unarmed. Fabio dares him to do his worst, and, jeeringly offering him the key to his (Raoul's) house, which key he has of course received from Dame Bertha, leaves the spot with the intention of getting rid of Raoul as soon as possible. Goaded to desperation, Raoul is ripe for any deed by which he may satisfy his desire for revenge. In this mood he is found by M. de Villefranche, who is delighted to meet with so apt an agent for working out Fabio's downfall. A compact is instantly concluded between the two. M. de Villefranche promises to wipe out in Fabio's blood the injury inflicted on Raoul; and Raoul, on his side, pledges his word to place his life at the disposal of M. de Villefranche.

Such is the substance of the first act. In Act, II. we find Fabio urging his suit with the Duchess, who feigns to believe his protestations of love. But she has been informed by the wily De Villefranche of what has occurred. Unwilling, however, to condemn Fabio too rashly, she summons Marie to her presence, and questions her as to the truth of the statement made by the envoy of the French king. Marie owns that she has written to say that Fabio might meet her the preceding evening alone, during the absence of Raoul. To her horror, the latter, who has heard all she has said, having been previously concealed by the Duchess behind the tapestry of the apartment, comes forward. Ignorant of the truth, he fancies that Marie has betrayed him. Life, without the love of her to whom he is so devoted, has lost all its charms, and he ratifies by an oath the promise already made to M. de Villefranche. Before this, however, he stipulates that the Duchess shall reinstate the daughter of the Count de Brissac in the estates and wealth which belonged to her father, and which the Duchess has recently granted to Fabio. This the Duchess swears to do. Raoul then declares the Count's long lost daughter is Marie. In corroboration of this assertion, he gives the Duchess the papers he has received from the Jew. Dismissing Marie, the Duchess enquires of Raoul if he has a weapon with him. Raoul shows her a dagger—the same with which Fabio has committed the murder, and which Raoul has picked up after the murder. Seizing his arm, the Duchess calls out for help. M. de Villefranche, accompanied by some noblemen attached to the court, rushes in, and the Duchess accuses Raoul of having attempted to assassinate her. Raoul, in the greatest surprise, is about to deny the charge, when the Duchess reminds him of their compact, and orders him to be kept in safe custody. Fabio, ignorant of the danger which menaces him, re-appears. He assures the Duchess that the greatest misery he can suffer is to be absent even for a moment from her side. She replies that he ought to console himself with the assurance that, while he was away, she has done nothing but think of him; indeed, anxious to please him, she has sent for an old friend of his, and with these words confronts him with Marie. He is petrified at the sight of the latter, but, putting a bold face on the matter, denies that he knows her. The Duchess orders him to give up his sword. He obeys her, but observes that he never yet knew it was a crime for a man to woo a young girl. Unable to restrain her rage, the Duchess accuses him, before her assembled court, of having hired a bravo to assassinate her. Fabio indignantly denies

the charge. The Duchess gives a signal, Raoul steps forward, and corroborates her words. As proofs of Fabio's guilt, the dagger taken from Raoul, and with which, as we know, Fabio murdered the Jew, is brought forward, as well as the purse he offered Raoul for his aid in helping to throw the Jew into the river, and which Raoul declares he gave him to make the attempt on the life of the Duchess. Every one is convinced of Fabio's guilt, and both he and Raoul are made prisoners, preparatory to being led to death.

Three weeks are supposed to have elapsed between Act II. and Act III. The Duchess's anger has cooled down, and her love for Fabio resumed its sway over her heart. She would now set him free, but M. de Villefranche has excited the nobles of Brittany against Fabio, and they determine he shall die. The Duchess, however, defies their efforts, and resolves to carry out her intention. For this purpose she visits the prison—the old Castle of Nantes—in which Fabio is confined. Afraid, however, of the power of her nobles, she dares not let it be known that she has been instrumental in saving Fabio. At this moment, Marie, who is now acknowledged as the Countess de Brissac, steps forward and volunteers to do the Duchess's bidding. She has gained access to the prison by bribing one of the under-gaolers. The Duchess, thinking Marie still loves Fabio, unsuspectingly accepts her services, and orders M. de Kerkouën (Mr. Lyal), the Governor of the Castle, and Pascal (Mr. Aynsley Cooke), the head gaoler, to execute all the commands that Marie may give them. Having done this, she hastens away to frustrate the machinations in which she has reason to fear M. de Villefranche is engaged to stir up the people of Nantes to a revolt. When the Duchess has left, Marie details her plans for the escape of the prisoner. She has an interview with Raoul, who is still devotedly attached to her. She convinces him that she is innocent, and faithful to him. Raoul believes her, and once more prizes life, which, while he deemed her false, he despised. Suddenly the noise of a conflict is heard without. The people, moved by the intrigues of the French Envoy, have at length risen in revolt. They have overpowered the troops, and cry aloud for Fabio's death. At this conjuncture, M. de Kerkouën returns with the boatman who is to convey Fabio from the Castle. To his surprise he meets not the favourite, but Raoul. She instantly perceives Marie's intention, but promises to say nothing. The fact is, he feels but too willing to assist her in deceiving the Duchess, for he has been bribed by M. de Villefranche, with the promise of the post of Governor of the Bastille in Paris, if he will mar the Duchess's plans, and prevent Fabio's escape. Raoul now hurries off, but not before M. de Kerkouën, who is rather fearful he may lose his head, should the Duchess discover his treachery, has ordered the boatman, for fear of accident, not to be in too great a hurry, but to delay as much as possible.

Meanwhile, the tumult before the Castle has increased. The Duchess rushes in, followed by M. de Villefranche, and several Breton nobles. She learns from M. de Kerkouën that Fabio is still a prisoner. Daring a terrible glance at the Governor, she appeals to the noblemen present to protect her. Her appeal is in vain. At last, exhausted, and totally overcome by grief, she yields. M. de Villefranche advances to a balcony, and informs the assembled people that Fabio will be executed within an hour. The Duchess dismisses every one except M. de Kerkouën. She upbraids him with his treachery, and says, that if Fabio falls, he also shall die. M. de Kerkouën quails before the danger with which he is menaced. Suddenly, an idea strikes him. The victim is to be led to the scaffold with a gag of iron in his mouth, and his body enveloped in a black veil from head to foot. If the people behold a head fall, what matter whose it is! If he could substitute Raoul for Fabio! He rushes to the window overlooking the river. The boatman, mindful of the orders he has received, has not yet left. M. de Kerkouën makes a signal. The boatman replies, and turns back his boat to the Castle. M. de Kerkouën has attained his object. Fabio's life and his own are saved.

Meanwhile, Marie is unable to leave the Castle, as all the outlets are secured by the people. Wandering through the old building, she sees a procession of Monks and soldiers conducting the prisoner to the scaffold. M. de Villefranche, also, sees it. He fancies the man enveloped in the black veil is too tall for Fabio. It instantly strikes him that M. de Kerkouën has been playing him false. He rushes off to ascertain whether his suspicions are

well-founded. Marie is now discovered by the Duchess. The people shout with savage joy on beholding the victim as he is led to the fatal block. The Duchess laughs scornfully, and congratulates Marie that Fabio will escape after all, and tells her that it is not he, but Raoul, the armourer, who is concealed beneath the veil. Marie is thunderstruck. She is about to rush forward to inform the populace of the deceit practised upon them, when the Duchess endeavours to restrain her, but Marie breaks from her grasp. She is hastening to the balcony, when the report of a cannon is heard. It is the signal agreed upon to announce that the prisoner is mounting the scaffold. She gasps for breath. A second cannon is heard, the prisoner is laying his head upon the block. Marie staggers forward. A third cannon now booms through the night. The prisoner has ceased to live. A tremendous cry rends the air. Marie is on the point of sinking to the ground, when the curtains at the back of the stage are flung aside, and M. de Villefranche appears leading in Raoul, whom he has saved. Fabio is no more, and Louis XII. has no rival left to fear.

With regard to the performance, we must be satisfied to record for the present that, thanks in a great measure to Mr. Alfred Mellon, it was one of the most satisfactory, in a general sense, that we ever remember on a first night. Six pieces were encored, namely, Marie's cavatina, "Oh would that my heart" (Miss L. Pyne); Raoul's ballad, "In the desert waste of life" (Mr. Harrison); Fabio's barcarole, "The flower is beauty" (Mr. Santley); Villefranche's ballad, "Truth and beauty" (Mr. Weiss); Marie's ballad, "There's one who fear'd me" (Miss L. Pyne); the dance of gypsies (gypsies); and Raoul's ballad, "Oh love is like a red" (Mr. Harrison). These, however, although on the present occasion they were most successful, are not in every instance the best pieces in the opera. But with reference to the music, our readers may consult the column devoted to reviews.

Although the performance occupied more than four hours, the audience, who had already called forward the composer, author, and principal singers at the end of the first act, summoned them again with immense warmth and unanimity at the conclusion of the third. Details next week.

The opera will be given the second timethis evening.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Elijah (on Friday, the 5th) attracted an overflowing audience. Of the general performance we need say no more than that it was effective as usual. The chorus, "He watching over Israel," was almost lost through the obstinacy of a few noisy persons clamouring for an encore of the trio that precedes it, a demand that Mr. Costa wisely resisted, and had he equally turned a deaf ear to the same appeal in favor of "O rest in the Lord" (however exquisitely sung), it might have served as a lesson for the promoters of a very objectionable system. If Madame Rudersdorff could have imparted a little of her dramatic energy to Mr. Haigh, the general effect of the first soprano and tenor parts would have been unexceptionable. From such a voice as this gentleman possesses, and the opportunities afforded him, both in sacred and secular music, really great things ought to be expected. Mr. Weiss's reading of the bass-part (the Prophet), which he has made his own, was worthy of his high reputation; and the same may be said, as usual, of Madame Sainton Dolby, whose expressive delivery of the chief *contralto* music it would be impossible to surpass. What fell of it to the share of Miss Lascelles was carefully sung; and the subordinate parts in the concerted pieces were fairly sustained by Mrs. Lucas, Messrs. Morgan, Patey, and Smythson.

MILLYN MARIE D'ANNETTA'S *soirée musicale*, at her residence on the banks of the Thames (Strand on the Green), was attended by a select audience, who fully appreciated the talents of the *beneficiaire*, as violinist, pianist and vocalist. Notwithstanding the evident indisposition of Mdlle. D'Annetta, which caused some irregularities in the programme, (an "illustrated" one, apparently by a practised hand), Miss D'Annetta performed her arduous task to the satisfaction of all present; and the applause she obtained will encourage her to strive hard to raise herself to a position in her profession. Miss D'Annetta was assisted by her clever little sister, together with Miss Noble, Mr. S. J. Noble (Pianist), Messrs. G. F. A. and L. Backwell (violinists, &c.), and an excellent amateur violoncellist. After the concert Miss Marie D'Annetta sang "We may be happy yet" and "A Father's Love," in imitation of a celebrated English Tenor, and a popular English Baritone, exhibiting genuine humour in her delineations, not difficult for her friends to guess from whom derived.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students of the London Academy of Music gave a Private concert at the Architectural Museum in Conduit St., on Tuesday evening. The new Academy has been established little more than a year only, but its success is now placed beyond a doubt. There are nearly 150 students pursuing their studies under the various professors. At the concert on Tuesday evening the following Pianists (pupils of Dr. Wylde) met with great success; Misses Ibbotson and Tynes, who played Mendelssohn's Posthumous Duets in A major; Miss Fanny Baker, in Beethoven's sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in F.; Miss Fynes (one of the most accomplished of the students), Mendelssohn's trio in D minor; Miss Powell, Mendelssohn's duet in D, (with violoncello); and Miss Krüse, Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor. Herr Janza (violin); M. Payne (violinello); both professors of the Institution, were their co-adjutors. Of the vocalists, Mr. Penwick, (pupil of Sig. Garcia) distinguished himself highly, he sang a scena, by Mozart, accompanied by Sig. Geladorie (Contre Bass) which displayed his sonorous voice and excellent style of singing; Mr. Gaynor (Tenor) distinguished himself in a charming ballad composed by Miss Reilly (pupil of Herr Molique). The Misses Glanville, Austen and Pratt, in a trio by Meyerbeer, "Grovinetto Cavalier," Miss Knox; Mrs. Merveille, in Dussek's "name the glad day," and Miss Rutter (pupil of Sig. Schira), in "Com' e bello," dedicated to their respective instructors. Signor Garcia and Signor Schira accompanied their respective pupils on the pianoforte.

We annex the full programme:—

Part I.—Duet, in A, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Ibbotson and Miss Fynes (pupils of Dr. Wylde); Romanza, "Carl Luoghi" (Donizetti), Miss Knox (pupil of Signor Garcia); Aria, "Ah rendimi quel core" (Rossi), Miss Strachan (pupil of Signor Schira); Duet, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Mozart), Miss Tunstall and Ibbotson (pupils of Signor Schira); Sonata, in F, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven), pianoforte, Miss Baker (pupil of Dr. Wylde), violin, Herr Janza (professor); Aria, "Porgi amor" (Mozart), Miss Debenham (pupil of Signor Garcia), accompanied by Mr. W. Bevan; Scena, with contra bass obbligato (Mozart), Mr. Renwick (pupil of Signor Garcia) and Signor Gilardoni (professor); Song, "Name the glad day" (Dussek), Mrs. Merville (pupil of Signor Garcia); Trio, "Giovinetto Cavalier" (Meyerbeer), Miss Glanville, Miss Austin, and Miss Pratt (pupils of Signor Garcia); Trio, in D minor (Mendelssohn), pianoforte, Miss Fynes (pupil of Dr. Wylde), violin, Herr Janza (professor), violoncello, M. Paque (professor).

Part II.—Part song, "I would that my love" (Mendelssohn), Misses Stevenson, Knox, Glanville, Smith, Russell, Melville, Rutter, Austin, Pratt, Strachan, Newman, Dolby, Baker, Hunt, Debenham, Merville, Fletcher, Bloomfield, Ibbotson, and Tunstall, accompanied by Signor Zamboni (professor); Prelude and Fugue, in C minor, and Fugue in D (Mendelssohn), pianoforte, Miss Krüse (pupil of Dr. Wylde); Song, "When my lady sleepeth" (E. Reilly, pupil of Herr Molique) Mr. Gaynor (pupil of Signor Garcia); Cavatina, "Com' e bello" (Donizetti), Miss Rutter (pupil of Signor Schira); Duet, pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn), pianoforte, Miss Powell (pupil of Dr. Wylde), violoncello, M. Paque (professor); Lullaby (Glinka), Miss Melville (pupil of Signor Garcia); Song, "To Chloe in sickness" (Dr. Bennett), Mr. Renwick; Duet, "In the greenwood" (H. Smart), Mrs. Merville and Miss Pratt; Il moto continuo, pianoforte (Weber), Miss Fynes.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the Concert on Monday (the 117th) Schubert's Quintet in C was, by general desire, repeated. The performance—executants, MM. Sinton, Ries, H. Webb, Paque, and Piatti—was even better than the first, and the quintet may be said to be firmly established in the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. Haydn's Quartet in B flat, No. 4, Op. 76—executants, the above mentioned, minus M. Paque—was also, by general desire, repeated. The performance in this instance could not have been better than the first, seeing that the first was faultless. The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who, in Beethoven's solo Sonata, Op. 90 (E minor), and Mozart's G minor Quartet for piano and strings, in which he was associated with MM. Sinton, H. Webb, and Piatti, played his best—which is saying a great deal. He was recalled after the sonata.

The singers were Madame Lancia and Mr. Sims Reeves. Madame Lancia selected "Batti, batti," and Mendelssohn's first "Zuleika," in both of which she met with great favor. Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a new song called "Doubt," by the Russian, Glinka, which we have no doubt he will shortly sing again, inasmuch as he sings it well (does he ever sing it), and inasmuch as it deserves good singing. He also repeated Herr Blumenthal's romance, "The Message," which, being unanimously called upon to re-repeat, after some fruitless hesitation, he re-repeated.

Mr. Benedict sat with his accustomed grace at the piano as accompanist, much to the satisfaction of the accompanied.

FOREST HILL, (*From a Correspondent*).—A concert was given on Wednesday evening, in the Christ Church Schools, which was most fully and fashionably attended by the neighbouring residents and gentry, it being for the benefit of the school fund. The vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, Miss Griselda Archer, Mdle. Giorgi, Mr. E. Owen, and Mr. Leonard Walker; the instrumentalists were Herr Obethen, harpist, Mr. Pape, clarinet, and Miss Griselda Archer, pianist. The Glee and Quartett Music Union also attended. The whole was conducted by Mr. Emile Berger. Miss Archer, in Wallace's "Song of May," and as a solo pianist, gained great and deserved applause. Mdle. Giorgi was encored in both her songs. Mr. Leonard Walker, in G. B. Allan's "Man of the Mill," also received well-merited applause. The concert gave great satisfaction to all present. At the close of the performance a vote of thanks was proposed by the rector of the parish to Miss Griselda Archer, who organised the concert, and also to the performers who gave their services gratuitously.

At Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. H. Loraine, an actor of some "provincial" repute, has made his appearance as Don Cesar de Bazan, in Messrs. Lemon and A'Beckett's version of the drama of that name. He has a good figure, self-reliance, and, in short, the qualities that insure a creditable performance of characters in which good looks and a tolerably imposing demeanor are of importance. To the audience he gave satisfaction, and was called after the fall of the curtain. A new "spectacular" drama, by Mr. Falconer, intitled *Bonnie Dundee, or the Gathering of the Clans*, is announced for the 23rd inst.

AT SADLER'S WELLS, a new drama with music—that is, songs, duets, trios, and choruses, after the manner of the old fashioned English operas—has been produced and approved of. It is entitled *Leonie the Suttler Girl, or, the Countess in Difficulties*, and is an adaptation from the French by Captain Hortyn Rhys, who has also supplied the music. The piece is interesting, and has appeared somewhere on the English stage under the title of *The Roll of a Drum*. Miss Catherine Lucette, the most fair manageress, is the life and soul of the piece. She acts delightfully, and, even without much voice or skill, charms by her singing. Mr. Morton Price and Mr. Lewis Ball—the last named a comedian of the right sort—sustain the principal male characters with capital effect.

A new Comedietta, entitled *A Grey Mare*, produced this week at the Adelphi, is not altogether worthy the efforts of Mario Wilton, Messrs. J. L. Toole and Billington. A young lady who wheedles a bashful gentleman into a love affair is not a very respectable personage; but Miss Wilton coaxes and lures so playfully, so innocently, and so irresistibly, that no one ever dreams of turning censor. Mr. Toole is exceedingly humorous in a character of the Joe Bagstock breed.

The production of *Effie Deans* at the Surrey Theatre has proved a genuine success. We shall report more fully next week.

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